

THE
CHILD'S FRIEND.

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NO 1.

MARTYRS.

HUSS.

ON the third audience of Huss, a great number of charges were made against him, some of which he explained, some he confessed to, and some he denied. Those that he confessed and defended in substance were, that the priesthood ought not to be allowed indulgencies which other men are not. That a good priest has a right to preach though the church may unjustly excommunicate him. That Jesus Christ, and not the pope, is the true head of the church, and that the title of most holy ought not to be given to an unworthy pope. In short he expressed the opinion that a visible head to the church was unnecessary, and that the true church would be better without it. He also acknowledged the charge that he had compared the high priest and pharisees who delivered up Jesus to Pilate to such persons as abandoned to the arm of the law an unconvinced heretic. On this a great

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tumult arose amongst the cardinals and bishops, who cried out, "Whom do you compare the pharisees to?"

"Those" replied Huss, "who hand over an innocent man to the sword of the law as the scribes and pharisees gave up Jesus Christ to Pilate." He maintained that there could be neither true pope nor true king who was guilty of mortal sin.

The emperor who heard this was satisfied that there could be no more dangerous heretic than he, and called on Huss to repeat his last assertion. Huss replied, "No person is exempt from sin." When they replied that a man could be truly a king and truly a pope and yet not be a Christian, Huss asked "If John XXIII. was truly a pope, why did you depose him?"

After all the articles against Huss had been read and discussed, and all his words in his own defence set at naught, the cardinal of Cambray addressed him and exhorted him to submit entirely to the judgment of the council, and to give up all further defence of himself.

Huss replied that he only asked to be instructed. The cardinal added, "The council requires three things, first that you humbly confess that you have erred in all the articles that have been laid to your charge; next, that you swear never to teach them more; and lastly, that you abjure them publicly."

Huss replied, "I repeat to you that I am ready to receive with submission the instructions of the council. But in the name of Him who is the God of all of us in common, I pray and conjure you not to constrain me to do what my conscience forbids me, what I cannot do but at the peril of my eternal salvation; do not force me to abjure all those articles brought against me. I have

read in the Catholic doctrine, that to abjure is to renounce errors which one has entertained. As I have never either admitted or taught several of the doctrines brought against me, how can I conscientiously abjure them? But as to those which I have acknowledged and avowed, if any one can teach me better doctrine, I will most readily do what you require from me."

The gentle firmness of Huss produced no effect. They promised him to draw up such a form of abjuration, or confession of error, as would be easy for him to sign, and he was asked if he would then obey? He repeated his former answer.

He was told that if he did not submit to do as was required, he would be sentenced according to law, the law which inflicts punishment on heresy. John Huss for the third time made the same reply, when a priest rose up and said, "John Huss ought not to be permitted to retract his opinions, for his oath cannot be trusted, he having declared in a letter, 'If my tongue swear, my heart would take no oath.'"

"That is false, is altogether calumnious," rejoined Huss, "and I protest solemnly that my conscience does not reproach me with any error."

Paletz, his early friend, now accused Huss anew of having given his public approbation to several of Wycliffe's doctrines, and of having pronounced the funeral eulogium of certain rioters who had been decapitated during the troubles at Prague. Huss did not deny these charges.

The inflexible resistance of Huss had irritated the emperor. "You have heard," said he to the assembly, "the errors which this man has taught, many of which

are deserving of the severest punishment. My opinion therefore is, unless he abjures every one of them he ought to be burned to death. If any of his followers should happen to be at Constance, they ought also to be chastised, and chiefly amongst them all, his disciple Jerome."

"Yes, yes!" cried several voices, "the master being punished, the disciple will be more tractable."

The assembly then broke up, and Huss was conveyed back to prison. It was decided that he should have one month more allowed him before he gave his final answer.

Huss was so ill that it was with difficulty he could support himself through the trial, he could scarcely stand or walk; in this state he was sent back to his cold, dark, damp dungeon. His friend the baron accompanied him thither, and by every expression and act of tenderness tried to soothe and comfort him. "Good God!" said Huss, "this is friendship." His keeper then put him in irons again.

The emperor felt the disgrace of having violated his word to Huss, and wished to save him; he knew that a part of the world would cry out against him if he allowed the murder of Huss; and his vanity at being called the defender of the church, and his self-interest, made him very desirous of keeping well with the church, so his great object was to make him recant; he had tried threats, but he saw they were in vain, and he had now recourse to art and contrivance. A form of recantation was drawn up for him and he was urged to sign it. Several princes, bishops and cardinals earnestly tried to persuade him, but all in vain; he was faithful. Huss now showed himself greater than his fate. He amused himself in his dungeon by writing to his friends, exhort-

ing them not to trust in princes. "God" he said, "alone remains steadfast; what he promises he will perform." He told them he knew that they would not desert him. "This" he says in his last, "is my last letter: tomorrow I shall be called upon to answer with my life. Sigismund in all things has acted deceitfully; I pray God to forgive him."

Huss expressed his gratitude to all his friends for their kindness, more especially to the two barons who had accompanied him. "I write this letter," he said, "in my prison and with my fettered hand, expecting my sentence of death tomorrow, but with a full and entire confidence that God will not desert me. I know nothing of Jerome my faithful and well beloved disciple; he too perhaps is in cruel chains awaiting death like me on account of his faith." Huss suffered from the fact that it was from his own countrymen he had received the greatest injury. "Alas!" said he, "the wounds which we receive from those persons in whom our soul had placed its hope are the most cruel. In my case it is from Paletz that my most profound affliction proceeds."

Huss not only forgave Paletz, but when asked who he would have to confess him, named him as the one among all the priests whom he wished to perform this office. The man who stood most in need of his forgiveness he selected to confess his own sins to. "Paletz" said he, "is my greatest adversary: it is to him that I wish to confess myself." Such humility, such nobleness as this was surely worthy of Him who died upon the cross forgiving his enemies. His request was refused, and they sent a monk to him, who after giving him absolution, recommended but did not command him to submit. Paletz

was vanquished by such greatness, and though he recoiled from the painful task of confessing the man he had destroyed, he went to visit him.

When Huss saw him he addressed him in a mild and melancholy tone : " Paletz," said he, " I uttered some expressions before the council that were calculated to offend you, pardon me."

Paletz was much affected, and implored Huss to abjure. " I conjure you," said he, " do not look at the shame of retracting, but only at the good that must result from it."

" Is not the opprobrium of the condemnation and punishment," replied John Huss, " greater in the eyes of men than that of the abjuration? How then can you suppose it is false shame which prevents me? But I put the question to yourself, if errors were falsely imputed to you, what would be your course? would you abjure them?"

" That would certainly be hard to do," replied Paletz, and he shed tears.

" Is it possible," rejoined Huss, " that you who are now in this state before me could have said in full council when pointing to me, ' That man does not believe in God '?"

Paletz denied it. " You said so, however," repeated Huss, " and in addition you declared that since the birth of Jesus Christ there never was seen a more dangerous heretic. Ah! Paletz, Paletz, why have you wrought me so much ill?" Paletz replied by again exhorting him to submit, and then withdrew weeping bitterly.

The emperor also, tortured by his conscience, continued his prayers to Huss that he would submit. It was

a most glorious testimony to the innocence of Huss and to the truth of his doctrines that while his enemies were praying him to recant and live, his best friends were urging him to continue faithful and die, and not to commit perjury in the sight of God from the fear of death.

The day on which judgment was to be passed on John Huss was approaching, but he remained inflexible. He remembered every one of his friends in his letters; he exhorted them not only to be faithful, but modest and prudent; he remembered especially his poorer friends, and sent them messages of love and wisdom. He left some legacies to his friends, and begged them to pay all his debts. Some of the works of Wycliffe for which he had an especial value he gave to his friend Peter the notary, and a sum of money. "It is not," said he, "that I pretend thus to recompense thy lovely and unalterable love for the truth, the various services which thou hast rendered to me, and the consolations thou hast lavished on me in my trials. May God be thy great recompense for all these things, for I have nothing to offer thee that is worthy of them or thee."

Huss pardoned all his enemies, of whom the most inveterate was Michael Causis. He wrote to his friends thus of him: "Michael has been several times in my prison, and said to my keepers, 'With the grace of God we shall soon burn this heretic.' Learn that I have no wish for vengeance; leave him to God, and pray for this man most affectionately."

But John Huss was human, and there were moments when he suffered bitterly, when he did not feel weaned from life, when the cruel death that was before him terrified his soul. Then did the history of Jesus and the

story of his agony come to his aid, and he also prayed as Jesus that the cup might pass from him, and if not, that the angel that came to Jesus might also strengthen and comfort him. He prayed that he might be ready and determined, and that the weakness of the flesh might be conquered by the strength of the spirit. So did this great, good man in his cold, dark dungeon wrestle with the lingering weakness of humanity till he had no other fear but fear of unfaithfulness, till the terror at the thought of death was swallowed up in the hope of a glorious immortality, till in the gloom of his frightful dungeon he felt the presence of infinite light and love.

E. L. F.

(To be concluded in next No.)

HOW TO LIVE.

BY R. M. MILNES.

So should we live, that every hour
Should die, as dies a natural flower ;
A self reviving thing of power ;

That every thought, and every deed,
May hold within itself the seed
Of future good, and future meed.

Esteeming sorrow,—whose employ
Is to *develope*, not destroy,—
Far better than a barren joy.

ANGEL CHILDREN.

NO. I.

“ He gazed at the flowers with tearful eyes ;
He kissed their drooping leaves ;
It was for the Lord of Paradise,
He bound them in his sheaves.

‘ My Lord hath need of these flowerets gay,’
The Reaper said, and smiled ;
‘ Dear tokens of the earth are they
Where He was once a child.’ ”

COME, my little friends, visit with me this quiet school-room in the pleasant town of N. It is no mere story-place, for there are the boys and girls still flocking through the gate, and playing around the door. There is the weeping-willow waving over the lattice, the Clematis twining with the Honeysuckle and white Rose around the door, and the Woodbine still trying to peep into the windows. There are the garden-beds too, though now I suppose buried deep in snow, where busy little hands used in the summer-time to plant and water, and pull up again, and busy little feet were too wont to tread down and destroy the fruits of many days of toil.

Come, you need not write, cypher nor spell. I will show you even better things than these—sweet, innocent faces, happy eyes, and pleasant voices, passed away from earth truly, but living so lovingly in the memories of all who knew them, that they are still seen and heard in the places they used to love on earth. Those were the flowers which Death, the Reaper, smiled upon and gathered ; such the lessons which you shall learn in the

quiet school-room, if you will come and study with me there.

And first I will shew you the Anemone, for such was our precious little pet, Clara L. Too young to be a scholar in earnest, she used to come for an hour or two to play study. All the little ones smiled, when her father's knock was heard at the door and little Clara was led in, to sit—for want of any other seat—upon the arm of the teacher's chair. How sweetly would her clear blue eyes look back the love which shone out upon her from all around! How wonder-wide they opened, at the reciting classes, and how laughingly they glistened, when once, her little sly hand took up the teacher's bell, and to the suppressed merriment of the school gave it a timid ring! With her soft, curling hair parted upon her pure forehead, and the delicate pink frock falling from her fair white shoulders, making more fairy-like her slight and graceful figure, was she not indeed that gentle blossom of the spring—the Wind-Flower? And just so frail too, for ere the summer had scarcely dawned, she was cut down and withered.

Her mother had promised her a little party upon her fourth birth-day, to which she was looking forward with much delight; but she spent that day with the angels in Heaven. The last time I saw her at play, she was full of joy at the idea of being useful, and brought to me a small bright basin of peas which she had been learning to shell. Sweet little spirit! She was pale and drooping then beneath the Reaper's gaze, while the whole light of her being seemed to beam from her beautiful eyes.

I once heard a little girl exclaim, while looking at the first faint evening stars, "That is Heaven up there, where

my Heavenly Father lives, and I can see," she added with a childish look of inspiration—"I can see the light of Heaven shining through!" Even so, could I see a whole kingdom of little holy, happy angels, shining through the blue eyes of the fading child—a light which through her short sickness and easy death, grew brighter unto the end. She seemed to be unaware of what appeared to her friends the most distressing symptom, and said frequently, "I am not sick—Let me go to sleep."

The night before she died, she was everflowing with gentleness and love; she threw her arms around the neck of her aunt who was watching her, and whispered with earnestness, though much difficulty, "I love you very much." Already was she learning the language of Heaven; that sweet kiss and pure embrace, were they not to those she loved, her first out-breathings from the heavenly world? She had loved and told her love before as children do, but this heart-touching expression in the midst of her suffering was new in holy beauty to us all—new in holy happiness to herself. The love of the angels was unfolding within her.

It was on a quiet Sunday afternoon in summer that she died—then she clasped her mother's hand, and looked her last, sweet look of love. For some time she had appeared unconscious of all around, when a little bouquet of flowers was brought her from the garden. Instantly she revived, and grasping them in her feeble hand, seemed to find in their freshness and fragrance, a new life and joy; but only for a while; the fierce disease could not be stayed, and her sorrowing friends could only pray for the rest and sleep of death. But when that rest did come, it was indeed a most beautiful and holy sleep.

Every moment the eyes grew more and more radiantly bright, as if the softest glory of heaven were reflected in their fixed and upraised glance. Then the gentle soul was breathed away, and the sweet lifeless body lay upon its bed in peace—and such a soul-subduing, overwhelming peace ! The perfect repose of the white and dimpled limbs, the fair hands folded upon her bosom, and the heavenly smile upon her parted lips, oh, beautiful and lovely as she had been in life, no word or look of hers had ever been spoken so eloquently as this angelic repose in death !

Fresh white flowers were laid upon her pillow, and placed within her folded hands, and on the day of her burial, a scroll with Mrs. Sigourney's touching verses, and a fragrant bouquet, lay upon her coffin. Do you know those lines ? commencing thus ;

“ Go to thy rest, dear child ;
Go to thy dreamless bed ;
Gentle and undefiled,
With blessings on thy head ! ” &c.

It was a lovely afternoon, that of her funeral. Through sunshine, bird music, and opening flowers, she was borne to her peaceful grave. Those who saw it close over her, and went back to miss her sunny presence every where, to long, with aching hearts, for her ringing laugh, her clasping arms, to have *one* more look into her loving eyes ; even they went back to feel, that God with his happy angels, had visited and blest them.

And those were happy afternoons for the school children, when taken by their teacher to little Clara's grave. They could scarcely dream of sorrow in a death like hers. Perhaps her angel spirit hovered over them, while

they decked the little mound with flowers. Her new celestial joy it might have been, which shone out in their bright faces, mingled with their happy thoughts, and gave, we hope, to some of those young spirits their first understanding of the treasures to be laid up in Heaven.

N. Y.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF

FREDERICK RUCKERT'S 'HUNDRED QUATRAINS.'

22.

The dog is born a slave to be ;
The will of his Lord for law holds he ;
But the cat is a creature born to be free ;
Thou play'st not with her,—she plays with thee.

43.

Do what all men, if they knew it,
Could not choose but praise ;
Then let no one know you do it,—
Double price it pays.

56.

Truth is the easiest part of all to play :
Act thyself—appear
What thou art—and no fear
That thou canst ever miss thy way.

91.

The rich man spares his foot ;
The poor man spares his shoe,
Because he needs must buy it,
And has no money to.

95.

Easter morning breaks triumphant—Christ is risen —
 See, my soul, how all creation wakes from death !
 Burst the chains of slumber—forth from sin's dark prison—
 Leave thy sepulchre like Him of Nazareth !

100.

There's many a little book, that reads right nice,
 The reader never cares to see again ;
 But whatsoe'er is not worth reading twice,
 Was not worth reading once, I do maintain.

SECOND HUNDRED.

15.

That which thou canst not hate, and yet
 Find'st it still harder to forget,—
 Oh heart ! no third way is left to thee
 But this—to love it heartily.

19.

Spring is a poet ;—wheresoe'er he looks,
 Trees bloom and all the fields are gay ;
 Autumn's a critic, dead leaves strow the brooks,
 Touched by his breath, and summer's charms decay.

C. T. B.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A POODLE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF G. C. PFEFFEL.

(Concluded from last No.)

" I FLED into a thick forest and concealed myself in a hollow oak tree ; not from my pursuers, these I no longer had to dread, but from the whole world, which I wished forever to renounce. I determined to live as a hermit

n the desert, independent and unnoticed ; but I forgot in my plan the item of provisions, of which before night-fall my stomach so imperatively reminded me, that I was compelled to leave my hermitage in order to rectify this slip of my memory.

I pressed on deeper into the thicket, and at length reached a smooth shaven plot, which presented to me a very singular spectacle. From thirty to forty men, women and children with tanned faces and tattered garments of all possible editions, were collected around a large fire, where boiling, roasting, playing and feasting were going on. I fixed my affections on the carcase of a goose, which an ancient dame with a Medusa head was turning round a spit, and with reverential timidity I approached their high mightinesses.

‘Hollo,’ suddenly roared a hollow voice before me, ‘I ought to know that poodle. Yes ! by my poor soul, it is he ! Joli, Joli, do we come together again ?’—As it was not difficult for me, even after a separation of four years, to recognize in the speaker my former teacher of the puppet band, I laid aside my incognito without ado, and bestowed on him all the caresses which I deemed adequate to the effacing from his recollection the French leave I took of him, and regaining his protection.

My policy was superfluous ; the player returned my complimentary greetings with usury, and said to the company, ‘Brothers, this dog is worth gold, he will do us capital service in our expeditions.’ So saying, he seized a hare which was lying by him, called me by name, and threw it as far as he could into the hedge. With the swiftness of a falcon, I shot away after it, brought the game back and laid it at my master’s feet.

An universal clapping of hands crowned my heroic exploit, and all the spectators vied with one another in giving me assurance of their hospitality.

When an expedition was planned for the following day, and I heard that the land-owner and peasants who had so well deserved my hatred were principally aimed at, my misanthropy was tickled at the thought that at last, I should taste the unknown pleasure of revenge. The undertaking was successfully accomplished. While the old beldame with the Medusa head was predicting a beautiful rich bride to the goose-herd, I was hunting the flock, and in five minutes carried to my principal, who was skulking behind a tree, three prizes, which he put in his knapsack.

A few days afterwards, the hen-roost of the lord of the castle was privately visited, and the company were indebted to my adroitness for a couple of capons and a fatted turkey. In short, scarcely a week passed without my returning to our head quarters crowned with a new laurel, and loaded with tokens of favor, not only from my brethren in arms, but also from our ladies.

They added to me the surname of Cartouch ; a mattress was allotted to me, and at table I was counted as a person to whom not the despised fragments of the feast, but the choicest morsels, were to be imparted. My services threw a halo round my master, and when the head of our band died of apoplexy, (incurred not quite in the natural way) he was unanimously chosen to be his successor. In a word, never was poodle advanced to higher honor or in better quarters than I, during the eight months I passed as adjutant of the gipsy chieftain. In my exaltation I forgot all my friends and foes. Lizzy only I could not

drive from my mind, and in dreams I often seemed to myself to be licking the dear child's hand, while she put me aside with a compassionate mournful look.

At last, our marauding brought justice in full array against us, and the neighboring landholders secretly combined for the purpose of surrounding our forest and making a general assault upon us.

How great was our consternation, when one beautiful morning, armed peasants and troops from all corners of the forest rushed upon our encampment! The most courageous of our companions stood on their defence, the rest endeavored to make their escape, and were for the most part taken prisoners, together with the women and children. So much I could discover with stealthy eye from a distance; for I must confess that I found it desirable on the first onset to retire into the interior of the wood. I considered myself as already concealed, when a peasant who probably recognized in me the general's right arm, sent after me a discharge of shot, which left many bloody marks on my skin. Fortunately my four legs remained unscathed, and they did me such excellent service, that in a few minutes I reached a hole in a rock, far from the din of battle, which had formerly been the robber-den of some wolf, and was now to be my cell of penitence, if not my grave.

I resigned myself to the most mournful reflections, and had full time to indulge them, as my wounds detained me above eight days in such close imprisonment, that my only food consisted of the mushrooms which grew in my grotto, and the snails which crawled along its entrance.

At length I was able to leave my sick bed, and seek

my living again in the wide world ; but it seemed as if a brand of outlawry had been imprinted on my forehead. I roamed about for six weeks, and offered myself as bondsman to a musician, a tinker, and a scissors-grinder, without being able to procure from them any thing more than food for the moment.

I was sunk so low, that I wished myself back in the workshop of the nail-smith, and should certainly have sought it out, if my wanderings had not carried me far away from the shores of the Elbe, to the sources of the Danube. Nothing therefore remained for me but to resign myself to the stream of fortune, which conducted me one day to the front of a splendid monastery, at the door of which a lay-brother was dealing out, what is called 'the beggar's soup.'

A whole rabble of ragged guests were crowding forward, and I ventured to mingle among the supplicants. I noticed among them the Medusa-headed beldame, who had always particularly favored me, and who had withdrawn herself from the association a short time before our downfall. She it was who used to carry my Leda in her arms (so they called my mattress) and conceived the gallant notion of teaching me to spring for it. She had now given up the calling of a Sybil for that of a pensioner on pious charity : and displayed the change by an immense rosary, which she sported in a masterly manner, as she had formerly been a parson's cook. I humbly solicited her patronage. 'Yes! welcome, dear Joli,' said she, while she stroked me and gave me a piece of charity bread.

The bystanders murmured at this desecration of monastic bounty, and reproached her before the swarthy

carver. 'Venerable brother,' said she, 'you have no idea what a knowing poodle this is. Only procure for me an audience before his Reverence, and you will not repent of your obligingness.' She spoke in such a confident tone, that the assistant monk had no hesitation in gratifying her. He returned with a favorable answer, and I was brought with the beldame into the presence of the abbot, who was a stout monk, hard of hearing. The old sorceress kissed the hem of his cowl, and presented me to him as a token of her pious reverence. At the same time she made me show off my accomplishments, with all of which she was acquainted, and more than once the diaphragm of the unwieldy sluggard was shaken with laughter.

In conclusion, she held up before me her pilgrim's staff, and when I had leaped over it for the emperor, she bade me—I know not whether from whim or old habit—to spring for Leda. I did so with surprising agility; the prelate, who was called father Beda, misunderstood the woman, and thought the caracole was in honor of his own reverence. My fortune was now made; he nodded his gracious approbation to me, presented the old woman with a gilder and an amulet, and commended me to the care of the reverend cook, who did not fail to set before me so bountiful a portion, that I, who was in danger the day before of dying of hunger, was now near perishing with a surfeit.

My altered fortunes had a happy influence on those of my duenna. His reverence ordered a piece of money and a loaf of bread to be given to her every week, and I omitted no opportunity of testifying to her my gratitude by the warmest caresses. My prelate never suffered me

to leave his side ; wheat bread and roast beef were my daily fare, and the kind-hearted man often lamented that I could not pledge him in his Rhenish wine. As often as we had stranger guests, and this happened almost every day, I must amuse the company at the dessert with my pranks, and the exhibition was always concluded with a leap in the air for father Beda. So passed with me a year in overflowing abundance, and as I daily accompanied my revered principal to the choir, I acquired thereby a certain odor of sanctity which seemed to promise the lasting continuance of my good fortune ; but I was destined to be the sport of her caprice.

Upon the festival on his reverence's saint's day, which was celebrated with a sumptuous banquet, an ancient abbeß from the neighborhood visited him, and accompanied her congratulations with the gift of a pretty little greyhound, which the great Frederick himself would not have despised. Such a polite attention from so venerable a hand, could not be otherwise than gratifying in the highest degree to my prelate ; but as my new rival had learned only to cringe and fawn, I continued on the stage for a considerable time, and merely had the mortification of being obliged to divide with him the dainty morsels which before had been my exclusive portion.

Gradually however, the intrusive glutton had the audacity to thrust me away from my plate. Hereupon many little feuds arose, in which though I always had the upper hand, I always sustained damage. The remains of a pheasant which the shameless favorite attempted to wrest from me, put an end to my patience. I asserted my seniority with such energy, that Prince Zephyr, so was my rival called, after a war of words

came off with the loss of an ear, and with hideous yelping took refuge beneath his reverence's cloak.

My staff was now broken ; Beda trembled with rage, and forgetting his gout gave me two powerful kicks ; indeed my sentence of death was actually hovering on his lips, when a travelling poet who had solicited him in hexameters for a way-penny, and had been granted a seat at his table for having called him ' holy Father,' besought his holiness to deliver me to him.

The revengeful prelate thought he could not punish me more severely than by giving me to a troubadour, whose hollow cheeks and Polyphemish appetite predicted for me a slow death by famine. He granted the suppliant his request, and scarcely had the latter concluded his Elysian banquet with a glass of Maraschino, when I was obliged to go forth into exile, and leave a sanctuary where I had passed the calmest days of my life.

With sorrowful steps I slunk along by the side of my new master, who in vain sought to cheer me by whistling and snapping his fingers. Towards evening we reached an imperial Suabian city, where we hired a garret in the house of a printer, with whom my patron undertook the office of corrector of the press.

Theodolph, for that was the name of my bard, was the sworn foe of every thing that was French ; he therefore changed my name to Hector, and appointed me the guardian of his citadel. He gave me one of his old bob-wigs for a mattress, and as his evening banquet consisted of a pipe of tobacco, he treated me to a petrified crumb of bread which he took from his pocket. This entertainment formed a frightful contrast to the table of my prelate, and gave me a sad foretaste of the fare which

awaited me with the priest of Apollo. In fact it was far more miserable than that of my Cyclops, and if Theodolph had not taken me with him two or three times a week to the ale-house, where he presided over an academy of sacristans and printers, who not unfrequently presented me with a sausage-link, or a piece of bread and butter, I should in a few weeks have died the death of Ugolino.

Once he was invited to a wedding which his muse had celebrated, and out of modesty he left me at home. For twelve hours I waited his return, and I had already fasted the twelve preceding ones. At last hunger overpowered me; in an agony of despair I sprung on the table, and stuffed down the first good manuscript that came between my teeth. I had just swallowed a number of the leaves, when Theodolph came into the room. The Hymenean cups had already heated his blood, and the sight of me occasioned a full eruption of the volcano.

With the ferocity of a lioness robbed of her whelps, he leaped upon me, and as he dashed me down from the table, he roared out, in a tone which no human throat ever before emitted, 'Ha, brute, what hast thou done? My national tragedy! The master-piece of my muse! Die, monster,' he continued, while he convulsively opened against me his penknife; 'but no! thy black blood shall not soil my hand, the sword of justice must avenge thy crime.' Hereupon he turned over the remaining leaves of the manuscript.—'Two acts thou hast destroyed! and couldst thou, O Melpomene, endure that the bosom-child of thy German Sophocles should be stifled in the cradle! Yet it was my own fault; I ought not to have left my sanctum to the mercy of a dog.' In silence

he now threw off his clothes and laid himself on the bed. I curled myself up in a corner, firmly resolved not to avoid my fate, nor defend a life which had never been such a burden to me as here, in my poetical hunger-tower.

The day was far advanced when my Sophocles awoke; scarcely had he crawled into his garments, when he cast a grim look on the remains of his immortality, tied a string round my neck, and descended with me the forty stairs which separated our airy residence from the street.

Here he inquired for the dwelling of the hangman, and we reached it after a short walk, which I considered as my last pilgrimage. 'Here, Jack Ketch, I bring you a dog, on whom you must execute justice.'

The hangman contemplated me with critical attention; his countenance inspired me with confidence. With a friendly look I laid myself at his feet, wagged my tail as a flag of peace, and licked his shoes.

'The dog is not mad, sir,' said the hangman, 'I will lay my life upon it.'

'He certainly is mad,' cried the poet, 'did he not yesterday devour for me a document beyond all price?'—'If you had given him bread to eat, he probably would not have devoured your paper; but it is easy for me to convince you of the truth.' Upon this the executioner took his wash-basin from the table and set it before me. I drank half the water.—'There, you see I was right, a mad dog never drinks.'

'I tell you he is mad,' insisted the poet, 'and he shall die.'—'You must be mad yourself,' retorted the hangman, 'why should I kill the poor innocent beast? But,'

he added laughing, after a short pause, 'if I do, you must in the first place pay sixpence, that is the fee.'

Theodolph, who had no sixpence in his possession, laid hold on the door, and muttered as he went out, 'You may catch the hydrophobia for your pains.' I did not feel any call to accompany him, but I raised myself on my hind legs, and testified the warmest gratitude to my preserver. He extricated me from my halter, and set before me the remains of his breakfast, which were the more welcome to me, as I had not tasted a morsel since my paper repast.

I was still busy with them when a gray invalid came into the apartment. 'Mr. Detor,' said he to the hangman, 'they tell me that you are a good man, willing to help poor people; I lost in the war the use of a hand and my right eye. The left has now for some weeks begun to grow dark, and I am afraid that it will be like the other; could not you give an old forsaken man something that might ward off this calamity?'

Thus far, being occupied with my feast, I had taken no notice of the patient; I had now finished it, and the first thing which struck me was his voice. I drew nearer to him, and with an indescribable feeling I discovered my Mentor, Lafleur, though age and poverty would have rendered him unrecognizable to any other eye. With a loud cry of jubilee, I sprang upon him, kissed his wasted cheeks, and ceased not to caress him until with his half-eye he too knew his faithful Joli.

The hangman, who till now was a silent spectator of the scene, solemnized it with a tear, presenting the old soldier with a bottle of eye-water and an alms besides. The other remained standing before him motionless, and

I nestled more closely against his withered legs. 'I understand you,' said the official, 'you wish to possess your old friend again; you shall have him, for I am really afraid that you will soon need a guide.'

With a rapture for which even my new language furnishes no expression, I accompanied my gray foster-father through the streets of the city, where he begged his paltry subsistence before the houses and from the passers by. He divided with me every morsel of bread and every spoonful of gruel with which the hand of compassion filled the wooden bowl that I carried behind him. It was only on his account that I was distressed at the scarcity which we sometimes had to endure, and at the harshness of the wealthy who scared us away from their doors. The affection of the good old man increased towards me every day; misfortune had melted his heart, and opened it to that resigned piety which reconciles the sufferer to his fate, and gives him courage to endure unto the end.

After some months, the hangman's prophecy came to pass. Lafleur lost his sight entirely, and I became his guide. Held by a slender cord—did I need any cord?—I walked slowly before him, protecting his feet from the hard stones, and his body from the thrusts of men still harder. A stretch of five or six miles formed the theatre of our wanderings. The alms now became rather more abundant, and when the fountain seemed to be drying up, I exhibited some of my accomplishments, which often produced a greater effect upon the minds of the beholders, than the sight of a suffering brother.

Our pilgrimage on a certain day conducted us to a church-fair in a country town, where a generous harvest

was to be expected. I surpassed myself in my exercises, and the gratified Lafleur was actually busied with emptying a handful of copper coins which they had gained for him, from his hat into his pocket, when a well-dressed youth, who had been very officious every where, and seemed particularly pleased with me, attempted to lure me from him, by holding before me a wheaten loaf. I turned my head away and looked towards my helpless master, intending to move the other to kindness towards him, but he had conceived the plan either of getting me into his power, or of playing a trick on the poor blind man. He came nearer to me, and with a pair of scissors cut in two my string, which he seized in order to carry me away with him.

I could control my anger no longer ; I fell upon the little wretch's leg, and bit a piece of flesh out of the calf. A general uproar now arose ; the youngster screamed like one murdered, and was carried away. I remained standing by my friend, and whether from fear or approbation, no one attempted to chastise me.

In a few minutes however, I saw two public officers in striped cloaks, hastening forward. They were the executioners of the vengeance of the ruling burgomaster, whose only son was the little Satan whom I had bitten. Both the yeomen were armed with muskets, and the foremost was at some distance from me. I could have made my escape, but I only nestled more closely to my master. The latter, understanding the danger which threatened me from the talk of the bystanders, bowed himself down over me and pleaded for my life ; but in vain ! The menial fired, and the same ball which went through my heart, penetrated the breast of my old friend. 'Lay

him in my grave,' were his last words, and they were also the first which I heard with my new organs of sense. Our shades attempted to kiss one another, but each was drawn away by an irresistible power. In separating, the spirit of my friend called to me, 'We shall find one another again.'

'Yes, that we will!' cried with an united voice the whole assembly, which had listened in silent emotion to the history of their new guest. They now with redoubled warmth repeated to him their brotherly salutations, and the Alderman of the club, who was Argus, the dog of Ulysses, shook his fore-paw in sympathizing fidelity and cordiality, saying, 'Bravo, brother, we two shall be friends.' "

L. O.

CHARADE.

My first to all that is lovely lays claim,
 Our mothers and sisters are called by this name;
 'Tis also a market where treasures are sold
 Of all sorts and kinds for silver and gold.
 The judge on the bench, the boy at his play,
 Must be what it is, or he'll rue the day.
 My second's a letter, 'tis in every one's eye.
 You'll guess what it is as soon as you try.
 My whole is a being can do what it pleases,
 Sometimes it does good, and sometimes it teases.
 Takes all sorts of shapes, is of all sorts of sizes,
 And strange are the capers it often devises.
 At least so they say—I never saw one,
 But one Mr. Shakspeare, who is pretty well known,
 (His writings are printed) such beings has seen,
 He describes them so well—Do you guess what I mean?

EPITAPH.

ABOUT twenty-five years since, there was a grave-stone, in the burial place of the town of Concord, in this State, which bore the following inscription. The stone was then in a good state of preservation, though we learn that it has since been entirely demolished.

EPITAPH UPON AN AFRICAN.

GOD

Wills us free ;

Man

Wills us slaves ;

I will as God wills,

God's will be done.

Here lies the body of JOHN JACK,

A native of Africa, who died March, 1773,

Aged about sixty years.

Tho' *born* in a land of *slavery*,

he was born *free* ;

Tho' he lived in a land of *liberty*,

he lived a *slave* ;

Till by his honest, tho' stolen labors,

he acquired the *source of slavery*,

Which gave him his *freedom* ;

Tho' not long, before

Death the grand Tyrant,

Gave him his final emancipation,

And set him on a footing with kings.

Tho' a *slave* to vice,

he *practised* those virtues,

Without which, *Kings* are but *slaves*.

CAPTAIN CORAM.

ABOUT one hundred and twenty-five years ago, a good rough old sea captain named Thomas Coram, had to walk every day through the dirty streets of Rotherhithe, a suburb of London on the Thames where his ship was moored, up into the city. His attention was attracted by the numbers of dirty and miserable children that swarmed in the streets. He found that a great many of them were entirely neglected, so that in cold and stormy weather they suffered and sometimes perished in the streets. His compassion was strongly moved—he began to think more about them than about his ship and his business—he felt as if it was his highest duty to do something for the poor little creatures that were thus neglected, or abandoned by their unnatural parents. He was not rich himself, and so he determined to see what he could make others do; accordingly he began every where to tell the story of the miserable condition of these poor children, and to try to rouse the sympathies of the powerful and the rich, and make them found an establishment for receiving and educating them, instead of allowing them to grow up to live lives of vice and crime, or else die in suffering and want.

But the rough old captain was but little heeded. People had their own affairs to attend to, and could not spare time for such an insignificant person, and his story about dirty children. The good man could get nothing done, and he was too poor to do any thing himself. “Well,” my reader will say, “I never heard of Captain Coram. I suppose he had to give it up. Why are you telling me this story?” If Captain Coram had been no better than

I am afraid you and I are, after two or three years of unsuccessful endeavors, I suppose he would have given it up. But though he was a poor sea captain, he had no common benevolence in his heart. For *seventeen* years he persevered in his attempt to establish a hospital where these poor children should be cared for. He met with all sorts of discouragements. People said no doubt, "Why won't this old fellow take no for an answer? Why will he plague us with his dirty brats? We don't care for them." Alas! It was too true. No one but the old sailor cared for them. But he was a true friend and through all discouragements he persevered. At the bottom of a petition of his that still exists he has written, "On Innocents' day, the 28th December 1737, I went to St. James' Palace to present this petition, having been advised first to address the lady of the bedchamber in waiting to introduce it; but the Lady Isabella Finch, who was the lady in waiting, gave me very rough words, and bade me be gone with my petition, which I did without an opportunity of presenting it." No doubt the Lady Isabella Finch was *very* busy with the last new dress and the next court ball.

But the poor captain did not mind the "rough words" of such people, though they might be lords and ladies. He worked on, and at last he succeeded in rousing the attention of people who were able and willing to help him. In 1739 he applied to the King for a charter for a hospital for deserted and neglected children, and his application was supported by the memorials of many noblemen and gentlemen and "ladies of quality and distinction" whom his unwearied perseverance in his good work had at last interested in his undertaking. The King granted

the charter and the institution was begun with twenty poor children in a private house in Hatton Garden. But so many children were found, that soon a new and large building was commenced and a great many more were taken in, and soon after a chapel was built. Here, after having the happiness of seeing his generous and untiring efforts perfectly successful, the good old man who had been the means of its being built, was buried. In his generous efforts for others he left himself poor, and at the age of eighty-two his friends found that he had not money enough to support him. They immediately raised a generous subscription for him, and he accepted it saying, "I have not wasted the little wealth of which I was formerly possessed in self-indulgence or vain expenses, and I am not ashamed to confess that in my old age I am poor." He only lived two years to enjoy the kindness.

The old man died, but his good work did not die with him. It was not many years before his hospital was so important that Parliament granted it 10,000 pounds. Distinguished men vied with one another in bestowing favors on it. Sunday after Sunday the great musician Handel drew crowds of people to its chapel to hear him play his own sublime music upon its organ. The same organ remains there still, though much enlarged. And these crowds did not go away till they had filled the chapel's contribution box. It became the custom for distinguished painters to present the hospital with one of their pictures, so that the first idea of a public exhibition of paintings arose from the crowds who went to see those pictures. The greatest and the most liberal of these benefactors was the famous Hogarth, and several of his fine pictures, now every where celebrated, still hang in the halls of the hospital.

Since the good captain's death, many *thousands* of poor and destitute children have been educated and provided for by this institution. 'Tis a sad thing that there should be any need of it, but in a great city like London, where so many people are wretchedly poor, and so many still more wretchedly wicked, there will always be thousands of poor children, who, if they are not taken care of by those more fortunate than they are, will perish miserably or grow up in idleness and crime.

Whoever visits London now and seeks this institution, will find not "a private house in Hatton Garden" with twenty children, but a splendid and spacious edifice, built for the purpose and containing several hundreds of comfortably clothed and happy looking girls and boys. He may go to a church which belongs to them, and he will find it filled with people drawn there by the fine singing in which the children take a part. When the service is over, he may follow them to their spacious dining hall marching in regular order like a troop of soldiers, though a far pleasanter sight to look upon than men arrayed to kill their brothers. There looking down upon them from the wall, he will see the benevolent features of the plain old man to whom they owe it all,—as Hogarth has represented him in his cocked hat and old-fashioned coat. The painting was one of the gifts of Hogarth, and he boasted and truly that none of his brother artists had equalled it in their presents. In another room may be seen *The March to Finchley*, a very famous picture of Hogarth's which he also generously gave to the poor children. He will see in short one of the most flourishing and considerable of the public charities of London, established at first by the untiring benevolence of one poor man.

And I have written this little sketch as an example of what the benevolence of all of us should be—untiring undiscouraged, persevering against all difficulties. Let us take up the cause of those who need our help, resolved never to lay it down—the cause of the poor, of the intemperate, of the criminal, of the slave. If children cannot do much, they can at least interest themselves in such things, and resolve to do something when they grow up. But the best causes always meet with the most opposition and the greatest indifference. When we are disposed to be discouraged by it, let us remember Captain Coram, and his seventeen years of patient labor.

W. P. A.

A DIALOGUE.

BY MISS ELIZABETH CARTER.

Says Body to Mind, 'tis amazing to see,
We're so nearly related, yet never agree,
But lead a most wrangling, strange sort of life,
As great plagues to each other as husband and wife.
The fault's all your own, who with flagrant oppression,
Encroach ev'ry day on my lawful possession.
The best room in my house you have seiz'd for your own,
And turn'd the whole tenement quite up side down,
While you hourly call in a disorderly crew
Of vagabond rogues, who have nothing to do
But to run in and out, hurry, scurry, and keep
Such a horrible uproar, I can't get to sleep.
There's my kitchen sometimes is as empty as sound,

I call for my servants, not one's to be found ;
They are all sent out on your ladyship's errand,
To fetch some more riotous guests in, I warrant !
And since things are growing, I see, worse and worse,
I'm determin'd to force you to alter your course.

Poor Mind, who heard all with extreme moderation,
Thought it now time to speak, and make her allegation.

" 'Tis I, that, methinks, have most cause to complain,
Who am cramp'd and confin'd like a slave in a chain.
I did but step out on some weighty affairs,
To visit, last night, my good friends in the stars,
When before I was got half as high as the moon,
You dispatch'd Pain and Languor to hurry me down ;
Vi et armis they seiz'd me, in midst of my flight,
And shut me in caverns as dark as the night."

" 'Twas no more, replied Body, than what you deserv'd,
While you rambled abroad, I at home was half starved ;
And, unless I had closely confin'd you in hold,
You had left me to perish with hunger and cold."

"I've a friend, answers Mind, who, though slow, is yet sure,
And will rid me at last of your insolent power ;
Will knock down your mud walls, the whole fabric demolish,
And at once your strong hold, and my slav'ry abolish ;
And while in the dust your dull ruins decay,
I shall snap off my chains and fly freely away."

What is that which was tomorrow, which will be yesterday, and which is, to-day ?

Why are careless persons like the three first vowels,
a. e. and i. ?

LITTLE HARRY.—CONCLUDED.

I HOPE, dear children, you have not entirely forgotten the little story of Harry and his sled. You know I told you, you should hear more of him at some future day. You recollect we left Harry just returned home with the sled he had bought and paid away all his money for. When he left home, he had not determined to buy it, but when he came to see it, he could not withstand the temptation; but when he saw the poor boy (whom we shall call George,) with his worn out clothes and ragged hat standing shivering on the door-step, most bitterly did he regret what he had done, and most truly did he determine that he would never again spend his money upon his own pleasure, while he saw others suffering for the necessaries of life. Harry passed George and went into the house. Mrs. Neal came to the door and told George to go into the kitchen and warm himself, and get something to eat. When she returned to the parlor, she found Harry sitting at the table with his head resting upon his hand, and looking into the fire. "Harry" said his mother, "you look very sober; can't you find any one to play with you on this, your birth-day? I thought you meant to be very happy. This evening I intend you shall have your young friends, and your father says I must prepare a collation for them." "Mother" said Harry, "I am thinking what I can do to assist George. How much do you intend to spend for the evening?" "Two or three dollars," said his mother. "No, mother," said Harry, "give me the money for George—and I will not have my friends here this evening." "Just as you please," said Mrs. Neal,

and she handed over to Harry a three dollar bill, which his father had given her that morning. Never had Harry grasped money with so much eagerness. "Now," said he "George shall have a cap and shoes, to keep him warm;" and the delight with which he received them, fully paid Harry for the sacrifice he had made.

One morning when Harry went to school, he saw notices put up in three or four different places, desiring the boys of each district who owned sleds to meet the next day and to select the five best sleds in their district, to send to a coasting match, which was to take place on the common the next Wednesday week. Harry's heart danced as he read it—"Now" said he, "for my beautiful green sled, it will beat them all." The next day Harry set off with his sled; and we must forgive him, if his step was rather lofty, as he took his place among the boys of the district in which he lived. He being the youngest came last, but when he took his seat upon his sled and started off full speed, "Hurrah! hurrah! for the best sled," cried the boys, and threw their caps up in the air—Harry's sled was declared the best in the district by all, and some said the best in the city, and that there was no doubt he would win the prize the next Wednesday. Wednesday seemed to Harry a long time coming, but it did come at last, and a most beautiful day it was. The boys had assembled upon the common when Harry got there; there were twenty sleds, and a great many spectators—gentlemen and ladies, boys and girls. The boys who had the sleds were arranged at the top of the hill; a man who was to be the judge, stood near. And when Harry seated himself upon his sled, away it went like an arrow from the bow, and left all others far behind. All united in saying that Har-

ry's sled was the best in the city ; and to him was given the prize—a beautiful bow and arrows. The boys all gathered round him to examine the beautiful prize, and the fine sled. “Where did you get it? and how much did you give for it?” were questions so often asked that Harry could not answer them. Just as Harry had turned to come away, a gentleman came up to him and said: “Will you tell me, my lad, where you purchased that sled? and do you think I could yet one like it?” “I do not think, sir,” said Harry, “that you can find another—I had the only one the man had, and that was one he had made for a friend, but his son for whom it was made, was obliged to leave home; he therefore did not want it.” “Should you be willing to part with it?” said the gentleman. Harry did not answer for some time. “Yes sir,” said he, “I will part with it, for I want the money so much.” “Why are you so in want of money?” said Mr. Barlow, (that was the gentleman's name) “you do not look as if you were the son of a poor man.” “My father is not poor,” said Harry, “but I want the money for George.” “And who is George?” said Mr. Barlow. Harry then told Mr. Barlow all about him. Just as he finished, George came running up to Harry: “Oh Mr. Harry,” said he, “how glad I am you got the prize.” Mr. Barlow was very much pleased with George's appearance, and what he had heard of him. He gave Harry five dollars for his sled, and told George to call upon him at the Tremont House, for he lived in New York—and should be there for a few days. George went the next morning. Mr. Barlow told him that if he could prepare himself to come to New York and be an apprentice in his store, the next year, he would do all he could to assist him. The money which

Harry received for his sled, he expended in purchasing a suit of clothes for George to go to school. There was no scholar in school so attentive, so regular and so neat as George, and every evening he went to Harry to learn Arithmetic. At length, the time came when he was to go to New York. He took an affectionate leave of his friends and set off alone to seek his fortune. Harry heard from him frequently, he was delighted with his situation. One day Harry received a letter from him, saying he was going to India to be absent for three or four years. A year after Harry who was in his father's store, went to England; he was obliged to go from there to India—a dreadful epidemic prevailed when he arrived. He had been there but a few days when he was seized with it, in its most malignant form. All forsook him and he was left to die alone; his reason left him, and in the delirium of fever, he was begging for drink; there was no kind hand to give him, even a cup of cold water, all sensation was gone, he sunk back upon the pillow. When his reason returned, all around him wore the appearance of comfort. The room had been aired, refreshing drinks and fruit stood on the table near his bed, it was plain some friend had been with him; he heard a soft step, the door was gently opened, and George stood before him. It seemed to Harry as if his country, his friends were there—"Harry my benefactor," said George—"Oh! call me your friend—your brother," said Harry—"to you I owe my life, and you have risked yours to save mine."

Say not that a good action meets with no reward in this world, say not, the poor are ungrateful, but "Cast your bread upon the waters, and you shall receive it after many days."

HYMN.

THOU hidden love of God, whose height,
 Whose depth, unfathomed, no man knows !
 I see from far thy beauteous light,
 Inly I sigh for thy repose :
 Then shall my heart from care be free,
 When it hath found repose in thee.

Father ! thy sovereign aid impart
 To save me from low-thoughted care !
 Chase this self will through all my heart,
 Through all its latent mazes there :
 Make me thy duteous child that I
 May raise to thee a trustful cry.

Each moment draw from earth away
 My heart that lowly waits thy call !
 Speak to my inmost soul and say,
 " I am thy life, thy God, thy all " !
 Thy love to reach, thy voice to hear,
 Thy power to feel, be all my prayer.

ANON.

IN a company they were extolling a gentleman of distinction, and magnifying his splendid virtues. He raised his head, and said : I am such as I know I am !—" *It suffices with thee, O sir ! that summost up my good works, as they appear outwardly, but thou knowest not the secrets of my heart.*"—" In the eyes of mankind my outward person is a goodly object ; but my head hung down in shame at the deformity of my mind : people are crying up the rich and variegated plumage of the peacock ; and he is himself blushing at his ugly feet."

THE CHILD AND THE STAR.

In a pleasant chamber, close beside
A lofty window, deep and wide,
Stood a little bed, in whose bosom deep,
A young boy went to his nightly sleep.
The window was as a crystal door,
Opening out on the silent night ;
And the radiance of the clear star-light
Lay in white streaks on the chamber floor,
And shone on the pillow and the bed,
And brightened the sleeper's beautiful head.

And all the night, as one by one,
The shining stars went up the sky,
They paused and looked through that window high,
And as each and every star in turn,
Like a crown of silver lustre shone,
Round the head of the boy, more still and deep,
More starry and bright grew his innocent sleep.

One night he awoke ; and one star alone
Through that lofty casement was shining down ;
He gazed and he gazed till it grew like an eye,
Placid and clear in the midnight sky ;
Then the boy looked trustfully up and smiled,
And the star looked brightly back to the child.

The morrow he went to his pictures and play,
But ever and often he turned him away,
And smiled to his thought, as though a fair dream
Were passing him and his sports between ;
The mother questions him gently the while,
" Why does my boy look upward and smile ?"
" Oh mother, oh mother, I would you might see
The beautiful angel that's watching me."

From " Studies in Religion."

WHICH IS BEST, LOVE OR MONEY?

"How I wish Papa would come home, don't you, Mary," said James, "he always brings us such pretty things." "You must not expect your papa to bring you any pretty things at this time," said his mother. "Why not," said James, "have we not been good?" "O yes, you have been very good, but papa has lost so much of his money that he will not be able to buy you any thing."

"Well, I don't care,—he can't help bringing us something good, for he will not have to buy himself. We don't keep our playthings long, but we always have such good times with him." "I am glad you love your papa better than a plaything, or any thing that he could bring you. It will make him very happy, when he comes home without any money, to know that he has got what is a great deal better than money, the love of his little boy." "Is love better than money, mamma?" "Yes, love is the best thing in the world, and hate is the worst thing." "I don't see, mother, what good love does." "It is love that makes you so happy to see your father, even when he does not bring you anything. I know of a little boy who has so little of this love that he does not care much for any body unless they can do something for him, and when he finds they cannot, he is made very unhappy by that worst of all feelings, hate; he even feels angry and gets in a passion when by some accident he gets a hurt from any thing; I have known him strike a chair when he has hurt himself by it. If this little boy's heart does not grow more loving, he will, when he grows up, be a most miserable man. You ask me if love is better than money. Did I buy your papa? And who paid

money for the pretty birds you heard as soon as you awoke this morning—and who bought the delicate and beautiful colors in the flowers—and where is the money that could buy a star, or pay for the bright, warm sun ; and if you were to cover our beautiful meadow with gold, would it look as pretty as it does now, covered with butter cups ? So you see, James, that love is better than money, for love has given us what we love the most.” “But we could not do without money, mamma.” “No, but we only make use of money, we don’t love it. It is hid away you know, in the bosom of the earth, and there must be much labor bestowed upon it before it is suitable to use ; it is not even pretty to look at till we have worked hard upon it. The use of money is very great, which I will tell you about some other time.” s. c. c.

“LET your soul be the constant object of your care and attention. Be sorry for its impurities, its spots and imperfections, and study all the holy arts of restoring it to its natural and primitive purity.

Nourish it with good works, give it peace in solitude, get it strength in prayer, make it wise with reading, enlighten it with meditation, make it tender with love, sweeten it with humility, humble it with patience, enliven it with psalms and hymns, and comfort it with frequent reflections upon future glory. Keep it in the presence of God, and teach it to imitate those guardian angels which though they attend to human affairs and the lowest of mankind, yet ‘always behold the face of their Father who is in Heaven.’ ”—*Law’s Serious Call*.

THE ADVENTURES OF HYACINTH AND VIOLA.

KINDNESS.

"LET us go up to the top of the rock," cried Hyacinth, "I know there must be a rainbow." And they ran out from the cave and scrambled up the side of the rock from whose top they could have a view of the eastern sky. What a scene was there around them as they stood on the top of the high rock! They knew not which way to look; they seemed to want eyes on both sides of their head. The expanse of the sea and the whole western sky were molten together in one flood of golden glory. The brilliant rainbow which stretched across the eastern cloud, seemed to rest upon the wooded hills of the island, which seemed made of yellow green light, while the plains and the valleys rested in shade. The slender stems of the silver birch trees looked like threads of yellowish light running through the foliage, and here and there amongst the trees rose a white quartz rock whose top was bathed in lustre; and ever and anon a large sea-bird or an eagle would alight on one of these bright points and flap his great wings in the light; while the little birds of the island fluttered and hopped and sung as if to say they were very glad the shower was over.

When the radiance began to fade from the sky, the children descended the hill, and after they had taken their supper went amongst the trees and bushes and gathered leaves for their bed in the cave; brushing away those which lay on the surface and which were rather wet with the rain, while those lying beneath were quite dry; then after they had made a nice bed for themselves and for

the goat and kid, they went out from the cave, and wandered about the island, because the evening was so beautiful; for the moon was now shining, and casting a soft line of light on the sea, and the dark spires of the fir trees were pointing up to the stars, and no waves were heard, so still was the sea, and the small sound of the grasshoppers was loud, so silent was all else. As the children walked along on the shore they saw far off on the sea a white speck.

"That must be a vessel," said Hyacinth, "I wonder how far off it is. If we could row off to it the people would take us in and carry us home, if the vessel is going that way."

"So they would," said Viola, "and even if it is going the other way perhaps they would be kind enough to go back, just for our sakes, don't you think they would?"

"Very likely they would; perhaps we had better go; I can scull the boat along the still water."

"O yes," said Viola, "we could soon reach the vessel; I should not think it were more than half a mile off."

"Perhaps it is about a mile," said Hyacinth, "but if it is best that we should leave the island and go home, I shall have strength to get the boat along so far, or else the wind will spring up and blow us along."

"Let us go," said Viola. "Whether we reach the vessel or not, it will be very pleasant to go out on the moonlit sea."

Hyacinth agreed that it would be very fine, and so they went and jumped into the boat, and Hyacinth pushed off, and sculled away over the silent sea, while the moonbeams danced around the stern where the water was broken by the moving of the oar from side to side.

"I do not see that we are any nearer the vessel," said Viola, after they had gone about half a mile from shore.

"Nor I neither," said Hyacinth. "I do believe we are to stay upon the island, but I will work away as hard as I can." And he sculled away till he was quite tired, and then drew in his oar and sat down on the seat, and the boat lay still on the still water.

"Oh how delightful it is to be here," cried he, "I should like to sleep out here in the boat all night, if I had something soft to lie upon." It was not long however before a breeze sprang up; the sleeping sea began slowly to awaken; noiselessly it stirred at first; little waves reflected the moonlight, and silently wound along, while the boat yet remained almost still; but as the breeze grew stronger the great sea aroused itself more and more, and presently seemed to be rejoicing in its strength, and the large waves rocked the boat up and down, bearing it swiftly along, not towards the distant vessel, but back again from whence it came.

"It seems that we must not leave the island yet," said Hyacinth.

"Oh! Hyacinth," said Viola, "we forgot the poor goat and kid. How glad I am that we were not permitted to go away; perhaps it was for their sakes that we were sent back." "I think it must be for our own sakes more than for theirs," said Hyacinth; "we are of more importance than they are, because we can learn to love and fear the Lord, and they cannot." Soon the keel scooped along through the sand, the boat became stationary, though rocking slightly from side to side. The children leaped out just as a large wave had fallen back and left the sand bare. They found nothing to

which they could fasten the boat, so they left it rocking in the sand. "Where are we, I wonder," said Viola; "this is a part of the island which we have not seen before." "I suppose," said Hyacinth, "we are on the same side of the island, as the wind blew us straight back."

"Do you know which way to go to find the cave, brother?" "No I do not; how should you like to sleep out on the wet grass?" "Not very well; but I cannot think we shall; I think we shall find the cave, because we should take cold if we staid out in the wet all night." "Perhaps it will be best for us to stay out, even if we do take cold," said Hyacinth. "We cannot be certain, you know, which is best, until we find the cave. If we find it, why then we shall know that it is best that we should go and sleep in it."

They strolled along on the shore till they began to feel a little tired, and then seeing nothing of the cave, they went up amongst the trees and sat down, under a pine whose foliage was very full, so that the ground beneath it was not wet.

"This would be a very good place to sleep," said Hyacinth, "if we do not find the cave, only that the wind blows pretty hard."

"But we do not feel it much though, down here beneath the tree," said Viola, "I should, however, like better to sleep snugly in the cave, with the goat and her little one."

"I do not think it is late," said Hyacinth; "when we get well rested, it will be very pleasant to ramble about longer in the moonlight. Only hear the wind in the pine! It sounds as loud as the sea, and just like it."

They remained beneath the tree till they felt quite rested, and ready to ramble about again, and then arose to set forth. The tree grew close beside a rock ; so close that its trunk almost touched it, and some of its lower branches lay upon it. "Oh!" cried Hyacinth, "how fine it would be to be swinging in the wind up in the top of this tree. Viola, if you are willing to wait for me, I will climb it." "Yes indeed," said Viola, "I wish I could climb it too. Run up the rock, Hyacinth ; you can step from it upon the tree." Hyacinth ran up the rock, and was soon swinging to and fro on one of the topmost branches of the great pine tree, close beside a deserted eagle's nest, and he thought what a fine time the young eagles must have had rocking there in such a cradle, beneath their mother's feathery wings. And yet, thought he, the young eagles cannot enjoy being up here as I can, for if they looked up and saw the stars peeping through their green bed-curtains as I see them now, their little hearts would be just as still beneath their breasts, and not beat high with delight because of such beauty, even as mine does now, and the wind that sweeps through the boughs, and makes my heart leap with such wild revelry, and really makes me feel more happy than I can tell, would be almost unnoticed by them." And Hyacinth clambered up into the eagle's nest and held on by the branches of the tree.

"Oh! Viola," cried he, "I am in the eagle's nest. I wish you were here too. Ah! 'tis the finest sport that ever was, to be swinging here."

"Sing, Hyacinth, sing," cried Viola, "sing louder than the wind." And he sung with all his strength.

"You climbed up that great tree like a squirrel," said Viola, as Hyacinth descended, "I wondered to see you run up so quick. I never saw such a climber as you are, and you do not feel proud when I say so to you, do you, Hyacinth?"

"No, Viola, but you cannot think what fine sport it was to rock up there in that great nest; if it had not been that I did not like to keep you waiting I would have stayed there an hour."

"I would gladly have waited longer for you, brother; I have pleasure always when you have." "And I have pain when you have pain Viola; so I could not love to stay any longer when I know you were tired and sleepy. I must not forget that you are three years younger than I am, and so cannot bear what I can, poor little Viola."

"I am willing to be tired or sleepy for your sake, Hyacinth, because you are so kind."

"And if I had not known how kind you are, Viola, I would not have gone up the tree at all; but I knew you would love to wait for me."

They walked about a quarter of a mile along the shore when they saw before them the great rock, in which was the cave, and in a few moments the two children and the goat and her little kid were all lying down together on the bed of leaves, and the sound of the wind and the waves served as a lullaby for the now tired and sleepy children, and they were soon dreaming pleasant dreams.

[To be continued.]